

A GROOM'S DILEMMA

He Was Short of Ready Cash and Could Not Marry.

SHERIFF ENNIS GETS A COUPLE

The Girl Ran Away from Milledgeville and After Being Apprehended Was Taken Back There.

Macon, Ga., June 27.—(Special.)—A very interesting and peculiar case has been reported to the correspondent of The Constitution. It gives it as it was related to him. Haddock is a young man from Milledgeville, on the Georgia railroad, a few miles from Macon. An evening or two since a young white man and a young white woman arrived at Haddock's on the Georgia railroad. They were thought to be a runaway couple, who were trying to get married. The young man tendered their services to the young couple, but assistance was declined. It is said they made application at a house of a white party for a night's lodging, but were refused. They stopped at a negro cabin near by. They were interviewed, and the young lady said she had changed her mind about marrying, but that her intention was to have money enough to defray expenses. She was taken in charge by some of the good people of the town, and her intended husband was given money enough to pay his railroad fare to Macon. Just at that time, however, Sheriff Ennis, of Baldwin county, came back to the scene, and carried the couple back to Milledgeville after a short stay. The expected bride was a large, watermelon grower on the Georgia Southern and Florida road, and the intended bride is a convalescent inmate of the state lunatic asylum. It is said that a short time ago the young man went on excursion to Milledgeville, and visited the asylum, and was in the institution, who fell in love with each other, and as a result of the meeting they concluded to elope successfully carried out as far as reaching Haddock's. What happened there, here what occurred above. It is not known where they were carried back by Sheriff Ennis.

\$500 to the Handsome Woman.

The management of the Dixie Interstate Fair Association has agreed to give a premium of \$500 to the handsomest woman in Georgia who will exhibit her next fall. The contest will be held in Macon, Ga., and the prize will be a handsome sum. The contest will be held in Macon, Ga., and the prize will be a handsome sum. The contest will be held in Macon, Ga., and the prize will be a handsome sum.

Bibb County Delegation.

The Bibb county delegation to the gubernatorial convention in Atlanta will hold a very important meeting Saturday evening in the city court room, at 8 o'clock. Bibb county delegation to the gubernatorial convention in Atlanta will hold a very important meeting Saturday evening in the city court room, at 8 o'clock. Bibb county delegation to the gubernatorial convention in Atlanta will hold a very important meeting Saturday evening in the city court room, at 8 o'clock.

Attention, Candidates!

The primary election, to be held on August 9th, for senator and members of the legislature and coroners, is, as far as the constitution of the county is concerned, the only election for the unexpired term of the gubernatorial convention. The candidates for the gubernatorial convention are, as far as the constitution of the county is concerned, the only election for the unexpired term of the gubernatorial convention.

A Bad Accident.

Quite a serious accident happened this morning at the cracker factory of Winn & Johnson, on the corner of the city. The factory was under full headway, the governor was engaged, and the engine had full play. Pieces of the machinery were flying about the house, and no one had been hurt. The machinery was flying about the house, and no one had been hurt. The machinery was flying about the house, and no one had been hurt.

News Notes.

Vice President Baldwin and other big officials of the great Southern railway, who were in Macon, were returning on a tour of inspection. They were returning on a tour of inspection. They were returning on a tour of inspection. They were returning on a tour of inspection.

TUR EXCHANGES CLOSED.

The Mayor Frightened Off the Patrons and the Rooms Shut Up.

Augusta, Ga., July 27.—(Special.)—The bookies who run the turf exchange in the city, which has been suspended business today, have been closed. The bookies who run the turf exchange in the city, which has been suspended business today, have been closed. The bookies who run the turf exchange in the city, which has been suspended business today, have been closed.

Such Is the Charge Against an Emanuel County Man.

Savannah, Ga., July 27.—(Special.)—A. T. Tilton, of Savannah, Ga., was arrested by Sheriff Marshall Buckner, of the United States district of Georgia, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. A. T. Tilton, of Savannah, Ga., was arrested by Sheriff Marshall Buckner, of the United States district of Georgia, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. A. T. Tilton, of Savannah, Ga., was arrested by Sheriff Marshall Buckner, of the United States district of Georgia, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud.

Burned in Gordon.

Calhoun, Ga., July 27.—(Special.)—Last night, about 12 o'clock, several outbuildings on the farm of Elijah A. Brown, eight miles northeast of Calhoun, were burned by fire, and with them burned four hundred bushels of corn, the property of the above named planter. The fire was caused by a lightning strike. The fire was caused by a lightning strike. The fire was caused by a lightning strike.

Morgan's Democrats Are Active.

Madison, Ga., July 27.—(Special.)—The democratic executive committee of the Madison county, Georgia, held a meeting yesterday afternoon. The democratic executive committee of the Madison county, Georgia, held a meeting yesterday afternoon. The democratic executive committee of the Madison county, Georgia, held a meeting yesterday afternoon.

Merits Sent to Jail.

American, Ga., July 27.—(Special.)—The criminal trial of John McInnis, charged with the murder of James Cary, on July 15th, occupied the attention of the court for the past two days. Justice Graham is presiding. The trial is continuing. The trial is continuing. The trial is continuing.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

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THREE ARRESTED.

Glimer County Men Who Are Suspected of Whitecapping.

MEMBERS OF A MURDEROUS GANG

News of Another Killing Received Yesterday Morning—Roper is Out of the Hospital.

Stories of the whitecappers of Glimer and Murray counties are revived by the news that reached here yesterday morning of the arrest of three members of the extensively operating band.

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GOLD DUST Washing Powder

It once had a neighbor whose name was White, but she didn't like work. So her home was a sight. Till one day I showed her then GOLD DUST would do. Then she quick cleaned her house. And now keeps it clean, too.

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MAIER & CO.,
Jewelry and Retail Jewelers,
Peachtree Street.

JOHNSON,
Reliable for PURE
WHISKY AND RYE
By the barrel, kegs
or disbursement. July 15-17.

TER LYNCH,
Real Estate Broker,
222 Peachtree Street, N. E.
In and out of the city,
I have a large stock of
choice real estate for sale,
including some of the best
property in the city. I am
also a broker for the sale
of stocks and bonds. My
office is at 222 Peachtree
Street, N. E.

JOHNSON,
Reliable for PURE
WHISKY AND RYE
By the barrel, kegs
or disbursement. July 15-17.

YOUNG FOLK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The following fairy story is sent us by Miss Olive Strickland, a little girl who lives in Decatur. We think it will interest the young people.

A Fairy Tale.

Long years ago there dwelt in a great iron castle a huge giant named Bulbagog. He was so terrible that he was the terror of the people throughout all the kingdom. Even he was feared by the king himself. This giant was so very large that the steps he took were nearly thirty feet long.

Once a year he ransacked the country, searching for the most beautiful maidens there, whom he seized and carried away to his castle, where he imprisoned them in towers. The king of the country had a daughter, the most beautiful maiden in the kingdom, whose name was Rowena. The king, fearing that Bulbagog would capture his daughter, kept her shut up in a high, round tower, whose walls were smooth as glass, and which had only one opening—a window in the roof—so that no one could see her but himself. When the king wished to visit his daughter, he would fasten his wings on his shoulders, which the good queen of the fairies gave him, and fly to his child. Now, the king thought that his were the only wings possessed by any one in his kingdom, but there he was mistaken, for a young knight named Fenaldo, having become enamored of the beautiful princess, determined to marry her. So he went to the fairy queen to ask her what to do. She gave him a pair of wings with which he could mount to the princess.

So one day he flew up to the tower and asked her to be his wife. She said she would, for she loved Fenaldo as dearly as he loved her. He was to come the next night and take his Rowena away with him to some far distant country where the anger of the king could not reach him, nor could the giant seize her and bear her away to his castle.

But Bulbagog had heard of the whereabouts of the king's daughter, and he, also, had determined to take possession of Rowena, for he held a grudge against the king and desired his daughter above all the other maidens in the country.

So at night when all were asleep he, with two of his imps, came to the door of the king's palace.

One of the imps made himself invisible and crept through the keyhole into the palace and on into the king's chamber, where he found the wings, which he carried to Bulbagog.

The giant fastened them on his shoulders and ascended to the tower. He found the maiden sleeping. Taking her, he quickly descended to the ground and leaves the wings to be returned to their place by the imps.

Then he hastened home and put the sleeping Rowena in an iron room, with no windows and only an air-hole.

When Fenaldo reached the tower of the princess he found, to his dismay, that she had gone.

Flying immediately to the fairy queen, he asked her where his Rowena had flown. She tells him that the cruel giant, Bulbagog, has stolen her from the tower and has carried her to his castle and imprisoned her. She gives him a deadly poison to give to the giant. He thanked her, and quickly reaching the giant's home, entered by an open window and found him lying asleep with his great mouth open. He throws the poison down the giant's throat, and taking the bunch of keys from Bulbagog, goes to the towers, and opens all the doors to the rooms, where many maidens are whom the giant had kept imprisoned for years.

He rescues them all, and then hastening on at last reaches the room where his darling is.

He carries her swiftly to her father's palace, when there is great rejoicing, for the absence of the princess had just been discovered.

The king then gave his daughter to Fenaldo for his reward in killing the giant and rescuing his daughter.

They were married with great pomp and lived merrily till they died.

Olive Strickland.

Dear Junior—I am living near Huntsville, Ala., but I used to live in Atlanta. I wish to tell my old Atlanta friends about my new home.

We have a large house and a lot of eight acres. Just back of the house is a large garden with a grape-harbor in the middle of it. Just back of the garden is a large fishpond. One end of it has water lilies and the other is used for fishing. In May father bought me a beautiful row boat and I frequently take a row on the lake in my new boat.

I have a great many friends here and every Saturday father takes a crowd of us boys down to the pond and lets us go in bathing. Last Saturday we had nine boys in bathing and we had such a fine time.

I hope there are boys in Atlanta who are having as much fun as I am.

With kindest regards for the Junior, I am his friend, Hugh Harbuckle, Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Junior—I am a resident of Mount- Meriwether county, Georgia, and as I have never seen any letters from this part of the state, I hope this will escape the wastebasket.

There is a creek within a quarter of a mile from our house which is well stocked with fish.

One of my friends from LaGrange, Ga., visiting me and, with your consent, I tell of an incident that happened while we were fishing.

Just after a hard rain and the creek was swollen, and that makes the better. We set out soon one with a good lunch, and made for the creek.

It had been set and we were found picking blackberries. Charley, to turn around and seeing his angling, quietly slipped up and gave him a jerk, which broke his pole. He fell into the water to try to capture the fish before he had taken many steps I go under, and as he had on his hat it was hard for him to keep on his head until I could get a pole;

but I very soon had him out. While he was over in the sun drying, with the aid of a stick I drew the pole to the bank and after a few minutes of pulling and jerking I succeeded in landing the fish which was a catfish weighing about three pounds. Charley is still here and we have been fishing several times since then, but he has never had to lie in the sun fifty minutes to dry since that day.

Will Hampstead.

Mountville, Ga.

We have all heard and read of the liberty bell which, on the Fourth day of July, 1776, proclaimed independence throughout all America. The English made an unsuccessful attempt to cast this bell in England and in 1753 it was cast in the new world, twenty-three years before it rang out the joyful tidings of liberty. On the crown of the bell was this inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It was observed after a certain length of time that the bell was beginning to crack and in order to preserve it, a little hole was cut through just under the inscription. I think there is another bell, "the Columbian, liberty and peace bell," which was made recently and exhibited at the world's fair in Chicago last year.

There is to be a celebration in Palestine, the birthplace of Jesus, on the last day of the nineteenth century, and on the first day of the twentieth century. This new bell is wanted by the committee in charge of the celebration. A beautiful temple is to be built in honor of our Savior, the corner stone is to be laid and while this is being done the new liberty bell will ring. It will also ring in the departure of the nineteenth century. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will toward men" will be the motto of this bell.

But there is no such bell in the whole world as the old liberty bell. "It rang out loudly, 'Independence,' which, please God, may never die." Selens Armstrong, Washington, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga., July 27, 1894.—In the summer of 1893, accompanied by four others, I took a walk up that cool mountain known by the name of Pine. I was stopping at Warm Springs at the time and from that place we started. A half mile walk brought us to the foot of the mountain, and from here we began our pleasant climb. The mountain was covered with delicate ferns and pretty wild flowers and a cool breeze stirred them to and fro and brought to us their delicious odor.

All up the mountain were magnificent pines and large, spreading oaks, and we were often tempted to retreat to their shade, but, as we wanted to see more of the mountain, we refrained from doing so. A large road wound around the mountain and on both sides trees stood like sentinels with their branches interlacing above our heads, forming a shady and delightful canopy. As we went further up this shady road it seemed that all the birds of the forest, came out to greet us, and the woods resounded with their melodious songs. Nature seemed to have heaped many of her beauties on this tranquil spot, but she had one in store for us that was far greater than any that we had seen.

As we proceeded the rustling of water became more distinct and at last we found ourselves on the green banks of a cold, crystal stream. An emerald bank sloped down to a beautiful stream of liquid silver that flowed softly over a bottom of pearls under the shade of magnificent oaks, with the sun peeping through a few openings in the thick foliage. It was, indeed, a lovely spot. Our dusty throats called for water after seeing this and we were soon partaking of the liquid of life. About this lovely stream the air seemed cooler and we could have remained there for the rest of the day, but we decided to walk further up the stream.

We had not gone far before we came to a deserted little sawmill—the same which had ground out the large hotel at Warm Springs. We at last decided that it was time to return to Warm Springs, and, after gathering many ferns, colored leaves and wild flowers, we commenced our backward journey. Jay Youngblood.

A Bright Scholar.

It happened in Sunday school and the subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who quarreled over a child. This was her version: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said, 'No, no, ladies, do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each of you can have one.'"

Hearing a Fly Walk.

The microphone makes the sounds of a fly's footsteps perfectly audible. The apparatus consists of a box, with a strong sheet of paper stretched over it in place of the customary lid. Two carbons, separated by a thin strip of wood, and connected by two wires charged with electricity are fastened to it and connected with a carbon pencil which communicates with the paper tympanum. When everything is in readiness and the ear is held to the sounding trumpet, a fly allowed to cross the paper makes a sound which to the listener is equal to the noise made by a horse crossing a bridge.

An Eagle's Nest.

One of the most remarkable structures in nature is the nest of a bald eagle. One found in the famous redwood forest of California had sticks in it as large as an ordinary fence rail. The nest was 300 feet from the ground and was built on a framework composed of the heavy timber that was solidly fastened together. They were arranged together at the corners like a rail fence and on the frame was built a solid platform of heavy sticks and brush, making a complete nest. These nests are used year after year by the same pair of birds, unless they are disturbed or driven away by hunters.

A BOY'S FISHING OUTFIT.

In making rods, the best wood to use is hazel or birch. Cut two or three pieces, each section tapering to a point, and if you cannot find a piece sufficiently slender for the rod tips, whittle it out of hickory with your knife. Sandpaper the pieces and, if convenient, lay on a coat of shellac. Secure a piece of tin three inches wide; roll it and solder it so as to make a ferrule three inches long; or better still is brass tubing cut into sections 2 1/2 inches long. Fit one of the sections to the small end of the heaviest joint and rivet a wire nail or a pin through the brass to fasten it to the wood. Fit your next joint into the brass and put a ferrule on the end of the second joint; then fit your tip into it and you have a rod which you can disjoint to put in your trunk or carry under your arm.

Another good way for a boy to make a rod is to take three pieces of birch, cut



Where the Fun Comes In.

them each three feet long, and have them taper from butt to tip. Cut the butt piece at one end in the shape of diagram 1; cut the centerpiece the shape of diagram 2; the last the shape of the third diagram. Lash these pieces together with waxed shoe-thread or heavy linen cord and you have a tough rod.

Guides for Rods.

Covered wire is best for these. Loop it around a pencil and twist it as in diagram 4. Lay this at the proper point on your rod and wind each end with a piece of silk or thread. Silk is stronger. Wax the ends or shellac them. If you prefer, twist the wire as in Fig. 5, and slip it over the rod.

For your ring stop or point of your rod wrap the wire twice around a pencil and bend the ends down as in Fig. 6; put that on the point of the rod and wrap it with silk or thread, and wax it, or put shellac over it. This makes a good rod for trout and bass.

Reels.

Cut a piece of wood six inches long and about as thick as a pencil. Bore a hole through the butt of the rod where the reel should come, and drive the wood in, so it will expose two and a half inches on each side, as in Fig. 7.

Now wrap your line on it, over and under, as boys do in handling the strings of their kites. This is the device in general use before the introduction of reels.

Lines.

If you cannot afford a good linen or silk line, buy a ball of shoemaker's thread, twist it and wax it and you have a strong line, or if your grandmother has a spinning wheel, ask her to spin and twist a flax line for you, the best in the world for any fisherman.

Floats.

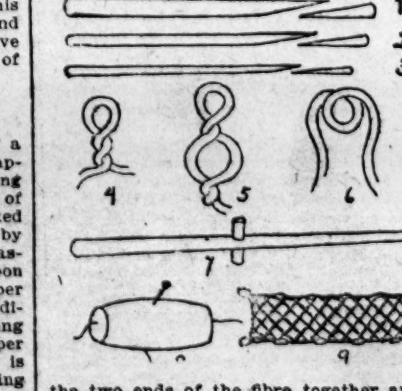
Take a cork about one and a half inches long and one inch thick. Taper it at both ends. Cut half-way through its center, lengthwise. Put your line into the cut; then drive a pin through the cork and with your thumb and finger bend the pin around the cork so as to hold the line secure. See Fig. 8.

A Snell.

Take three horsehairs; tie a loop on the end of them so as to attach them to your line. With your thumb and finger twist the three hairs together. Then tie the other end in a ringed hook and your snell is completed.

How to Make a Fly.

A bright-colored feather from any game bird will do. Strip it on one side. Double



the two ends of the fibre together and tie them with a little silk or red wool on the upper part of a sproat hook. Pinch it to nearly resemble a fly, for the fish will bite it very freely.

Minnow Seines.

A seine twelve feet long and four feet deep can be made of a piece of mosquito netting eighteen feet by four feet. Tie quarter-inch rope as in figure 9, making the sides twelve feet and the ends four feet in length. The corners are single loops wrapped with small cord. Fasten the ends of the rope by wrapping them on one of the shorter sides. For floats, cut a broom handle into pieces three inches long. Bore a hole through the center of each section and string these pieces on the upper rope twelve inches apart. For sinkers, narrow

strips of sheet lead will do, folding them over the lower rope. Gather the netting to the four sides of the rope frame, pulling it on the long sides, and put your long rope through the side loops, as in Figure 10.

For Repairing the Outfit.

Three dozen small sproat hooks, No. 6 to No. 10, will answer fishing purposes. Be sure to get them with marked or tapered ends. They cost about five cents per dozen. The marked are used to fasten on snells; the tapered for making flies. Then buy a small spool of red cotton or silk, very fine, which will cost 5 cents; a small piece of beeswax or shoemaker's wax, costing 2 cents; this, with about twenty-five long horse hairs will complete a very good reserve for the foregoing outfit, should it at any time need mending.

Caught in the Coils.

The following adventure, which befell Speke, the great explorer, forms one of the most thrilling episodes in a life full of perils and escapes. Captain Speke, himself, tells the tale.

It appears that he, with his comrade, Grant, left the camp together one day to hunt game for their supper. Their first victim was a fine young buffalo cow.

Soon after, they had a prospect of still better fortune. An enormous elephant with particularly fine tusks was observed within range. Speke quickly brought his rifle up to his shoulder, took a careful aim, and fired.

A moment after, as he was watching for the effect of his shot, he heard a startled exclamation from the attendant negroes, and looked around.

To his horror he saw a huge boa-constrictor in the very act of darting down upon him from a branch overhead.

In less than a second—indeed, before he had time to stir a muscle to spring aside—the beast had shot out of the heavy foliage and caught him in a coil. Speke put all his strength to get clear, and at the same instant, glancing round for help, saw Grant standing a few paces away, with rifle leveled.

"In a moment," he continues, "I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck the young buffalo cow, between which he and I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however, for, instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a short bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness.

"As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me; for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the boa released its folds from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces.

"Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended upon the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's face, as close as we were, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered to him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and a wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, stared, like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

"Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after rightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused.

"The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it, little by little, unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon being freed, the benumbed arm, unconsciously by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay! And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest—and then farewell to the sources of the Nile!

"Oh, how hard, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

"Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a half's breadth, and now a little more, till half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself.

"The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the next instant.

"For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, which was still writhing in its death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of its tremendous dying strength. For yards around where it lay, grass and bushes, and saplings, and, in fact, everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut quite off, as though they had been trampled.

"The monster, when measured, was fifty-three feet long, two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

That Is the Question.

In riding in railway trains you may have observed the peculiarity of dogs in racing after the train. One day, in a swiftly-moving train, I saw a big yellow dog doing this act, and nearly breaking his back to catch the train. I watched his efforts with some curiosity, and a man in the seat in front of me was doing the same thing. When the dog gave up the chase, the man in front turned to me and said:

"Excuse me, but I would like to ask you a question. I want to ask you what you think that dog would have done with this train if he had caught it?"

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Wasted Opportunities.

It is not what a man can do, but what he does that counts in this world. A few weeks ago we published in The Junior a short sketch of old Commodore Vanderbilt, the great millionaire and founder of the famous Vanderbilt family in America. Young Vanderbilt was a poor farmer boy, who lived on the river near New York. There were a great many boys who lived near him, and they had boats on the river in which they were accustomed to go down to the city. Occasionally they picked up a stray passenger, for it was long before the day of railroads, and earned a little pocket money.

At last young Vanderbilt got to thinking about the matter, and decided that he must make a start in the world. He had nothing but his boat. Most boys would be discouraged at beginning life with such a small stock in trade. But he was determined to make his way in the world. He determined to make the best of what he had and not grumble about what he did not have. There were a great many things, doubtless, which young Vanderbilt could have done, but the question with him was not what he could do if he had a chance, but what he could do with the chance that he had. So he determined to start a boat line with his little boat. He announced that at a certain hour every day his boat would leave for New York, with or without passengers. He would carry passengers, if there were any to carry, but the people could depend upon it that if they wanted to go to the city the boat would be ready for them, as it was going anyhow.

This gave the people confidence in the boy, and in a short time he had a monopoly of all the passenger traffic from his section to New York. This, he afterwards said, was the beginning of that vast line of transatlantic steamships which he afterwards owned. There were a great many other boys who lived around young Vanderbilt, and some of them, he said, were better boatmen and had better boats than his boat. But they did not have the determination to make the most of their opportunities.

There is a lesson to be learned from this incident. There are a great many people in the world who are capable of making their way in the world, but who do not do so because they do not take stock, as it were, of their opportunity, and make the most out of it that they can. They wait for something better. They think that they are fitted by nature for greater things. They don't want to do every day sort of work, but to start at the top. Such people never succeed. It is the boy who makes the most out of what he has who gets the soonest to a place where all his natural ability has scope to work. Such boys make the best men, and such girls make the best women. So don't think about what you might do if you had a chance, but what you can do with the chance that you have. Make the most of that, and it will not be long before you will find yourself where you will have all the chance you want.

Another story that illustrates this text is told of John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant of Philadelphia. He started life a poor young man. He says that when he secured his first situation he determined to do well all that was given him to do, and do more than that. In this way he proved that he was capable of doing more than was expected of him. His employers noticed this, and promoted him. In his new position he did the same way. He performed all the duties required of him to the best of his ability, but did not confine himself merely to what it was assigned him to do. He did more than his employers required of him. It did not take long for such a man to rise, and he says that this was the secret of his great success.

There are so many instances of this sort that one might go on writing indefinitely about them. But the same lesson lies behind them all. Don't stop to think about what you might accomplish if you had a chance, but do what you can with the chance that you have. That is a good motto for anyone and it is sure to lead to success.

Our Young Correspondents.

We hope that the boys and girls will continue to write letters to us on interesting topics. Make them short—not over one hundred and fifty words each and make them interesting. On the last page of this issue we will publish the best of them.

THE MAD JACKAL.

BY J. H. GRAY.

"Dead Hindoo! Where—where? There—there!" Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above exclamatory phrases, the fancied utterances of an animal with which all travelers in Hindoostan are but too familiar—the pheal or jackal.

Though by nature a cowardly creature, the Indian jackal fears not to approach the habitations of man, where it is in a manner tolerated for its services as a scavenger. And wherever troops are in cantonment or on the march, it accompanies them, often in large numbers, skulking around the camp and making night hideous with its wildly mournful wa—wa—wa.

Like its near relative, the hyena, it is the veriest of poltroons, and a child may put a full pack of them to flight. Yet there are occasions when the Indian jackal is a creature to be dreaded even more than the tiger itself; and I have known of one to keep a whole regiment of soldiers in mortal fear for the most part of the night. I myself was once constrained by the same to pass as irksome an hour as I ever remember.

In India, of course, it was, when a young subaltern gazetted to the Eleventh Hussars, I had just joined my regiment, to find it on the eve of setting out upon a scouting expedition.

Captain Congers, who commanded the troops to which I was attached, the first lieutenant and myself messed together on the march; and soon as out of our saddles we dispatched a couple of servants to the village for such prey in the way of eatables as they could pick up.

Almost immediately, and to our surprise, they came back empty-handed, with the explanatory report that the villagers were all shut up in their houses in such a state of affright that not one would venture out, much less do marketing! Moreover, there were loud lamentations in several families, as though each had lost one or more of its members!

The cause of all this was, of course, made known to our emissaries, who in turn told us a mad pheal had run amuck through the village and bitten some eight or ten people—men, women and children.

As the occurrence had just taken place, and the rabid animal was still believed to be in the village or its precincts, we little wondered at our purveyors returning as they had done. Others sent on a similar errand came back with like rapidity, and equally light laden.

While still seated at supper, we became aware of a commotion in the camp; a rushing to and fro with cries proclaiming alarm. The place of our private bivouac was some distance from that occupied by our men; and the night now on, a dark one, hindered us from seeing what caused the disturbance. We learned it, however, by hearing only three words, but enough to explain all, for more than one voice was repeating them in tones of terror: "The mad jackal! The mad jackal!"

We sprang to our feet with as much alacrity as if the rabid brute were already beside us. But it came not our way, nor were we even favored with a sight of it, though for over an hour after the camp was kept in state of scare, great as if surprised by the approach of a human enemy.

Now it was "mad jackal!" here, now there, anon at some different and distant point, as could be told by shots and the shouts of those pursuing it. Yet, after all this, the chased creature escaped destruction in the darkness, no one knowing where it was or whither gone.

"Just possible," observed Captain Congers, when tranquillity had to some extent been restored, and we were smoking a cheroot by our bivouac fire, "just possible it wasn't the mad jackal after all. More likely some other, as there must be scores of them prowling about the camp."

"Pardon, Sahib Capen," interposed one of our native attendants in waiting. "It de made pheal for shoo; same dat bitee pleepul in da village."

"How know you that, my man?" "De tall tell dm so, sahib. Him, no none gottee—only leetle bit tump. De village pleepul told me da one dat bit um hab no tail."

Certainly this was ground for believing them, and far too satisfactory. We had heard that the jackal cheived about the camp was almost tailless; and to learn it was so with that which had made havoc among the villagers, placed its identification beyond doubt.

It was not till a late hour that the camp became quieted down and confidence re-established. Indeed, for a long while but few went to sleep; most of those who did, doubtless to dream of mad dogs.

But there was something besides to keep us awake—a drenching downpour of rain that came on just as we were about to go to rest. As we were on scout and in lightest marching order, a small officer's tent to each troop was all the canvas we carried.

This barely served the captain himself, though, of course, we subs were entitled to a share of it; but in the warm tropical nights had preferred swanning our hammocks to trees.

This night it was different, and we would have all squeezed into the tent, but that before supper my fellow lieutenant and I, strolling some way into the woods, had noticed an old building in which there was a large room, apparently rain proof. A Buddhist temple or something of the sort we supposed it to be.

Remembering it now, we had our hammocks transported thither and hung in the aforesaid room, which, sure enough, proved weather proof. Luckily, we found hooks on the walls, though the two to which mine was hung were so high up I had some difficulty in mounting into it.

As it had been a long day's march, we were both much fatigued, and soon fell asleep. Nor did either of us awake till the bushes were sounding the "reveille," hearing which my brother officer sprang from his swinging couch and hastened to equip himself, as he did so crying out to me: "The fellow! Look sharp! Our colonel's horse has been stolen by the Indian

to a second, we'll get black looks or something worse."

Saying which, he slipped into his tunic—the only garment either of us had taken off—buckled his saber belt, and was out of the room before I was well awake.

By nature of a somewhat somnolent habit, and then little accustomed to military promptness, moreover, on this particular morning, feeling unusually drowsy, I lay still awhile, regardless of the caution given me, even till I heard the "assembly" sounded.

Then, rousing myself, I sat up in the hammock, with legs over the edge, preparatory to springing out of it. Just then I became sensible of a strange smell pervading the room—a foetid, powerful odor, such as might proceed from a combination of fox and polecat.

Casting my eyes below I at once learned the cause; the room had but one window, a small aperture, unglazed, and just inside this, where it had entered, was an animal the sight of which sent a cold shudder through my frame, for it was a jackal without a tail, or but the stump of one.

Its jaws were wide apart, with tongue protruded, its eyes apparently on fire, its whole body panting and quivering in such a way as clearly to proclaim it mad; I could have no doubt about this, nor any of its being the same which had caused lamentation in the village and consternation in our camp; the absence of tail was evidence unmistakable.

As my legs were dangling down, I drew them up with a quick jerk, but not an instant too soon, for the beast did make its bound, passing the spot just vacated by my pedal extremities, which, had they been still there, would certainly have been seized by it.

The disappointment seemed to cause it surprise, as for some time after it stood in a dark, distant corner of the room, quiet and cowering. But I knew it would not long remain so, and felt certain the attack would be renewed.

Defensive weapon I had none; my pistols and saber were suspended against the wall only a few feet beyond my reach. But they might as well have been miles away, since I dare not descend to the floor; and otherwise I could not get at them. There was, therefore, but the alternative of standing upon the defensive, and for this I had nothing save my tunic. Luckily, I had hung it on the slinging gear of the hammock close at hand.

Meanwhile I had got upon my knees, and steadily balanced, with the petting and my blanket well up round me. So, folding the tunic shield-fashion, I awaited the onslaught of the jackal.

As yet I had uttered no shout; instead, kept silent, as though I had lost the power of speech. This, partly because I had no hope of being heard. The walls were thick, and the door, a massive structure, with self-shutting hinges, had slammed to behind my brother officer as he went out; while the little hole of a window opened upon the woods, the side opposite to that on which lay the camp. Shout loudly as I might, it was not likely I would be heard; all the less at such a time, with every one hurrying to answer the roll call.

But I had another reason for keeping still and preserving silence. If not further irritated, the animal might go out again as it had entered, and leave me unmolested.

Alas! it did not; instead, the very opposite. Just as I had got poised on my unsteady perch, a fresh spasm of madness seemed to come over it, and again it rose up, and rushed at me open-mouthed.

I met it with the folded tunic, and buffeted it back to the floor, several times so folding it in rapid repetition. Then it once more retreated to the dark corner, and there was an interregnum of rest, as if by an armistice agreed to between us.

How long this lasted I cannot tell; for the fear that was on me hindered calm reflection. I remember listening with all ears, in hope to hear voices outside.

I remember, too, thinking of what my fellow-sub had said, and what a reckoning I would have with both colonel and captain. Even if I escaped in time to appear on parade, what a tale to tell! An officer of Hussars held to his hammock—as it were, besieged in his bed—by an animal no bigger than a fox, a cowardly creature, oft chased by children! I should be ridiculed, laughed at beyond measure.

My unpleasant reflections were brought to an abrupt ending by the jackal once more becoming excited, and making a fresh attack on me. Just as before, it sprang up at me in successive attempts, which fortunately, as before, I succeeded in repelling. My tunic of scarlet cloth proved protective as a coat of scale-armor.

Our second conflict terminated very much as the first, with an interval of rest succeeding, only that in this, my adversary, instead of returning to the dark corner, squatted down along the floor just under me.

It was within convenient reach of sword thrust, and how I wished at that moment to be as near to my saber! With it in my hand I could have cut the Gordian knot in an instant. But it was not to be.

Well nigh despairing of escape, with my eyes wandering around the room, a thought flashed across my brain, inspiring me with hope. In the hammock lately vacated by my fellow lieutenant, was his blanket, a large double one, within easy reach of my hand. Stretching out, I seized hold of it, then spreading it out to its fullest extent, let it down upon the squatted jackal.

The result was all I could have wished for; even better than I expected. Under the blanket the brute had got entangled, and was struggling to free himself, as a badger tied up in a bag. But I waited not to witness the finale; instead, jumped down from the hammock and rushed out of the room.

Never were 200 yards of space more quickly passed over by pedestrian than those that separated my sleeping place from the camp. The most noted professional runner could not have done it in better time. And never did officer present himself on parade ground in such guise as I; coatless, bootless and disheveled.

My comrades were about to break out in a roar of laughter—the colonel, on the other hand, was ready to receive me in a different fashion. But seeing the state of different I was in, all stayed to hear the

easily understood. The mad jackal was fresh in every mind, as also the knowledge of its having escaped. As a consequence, there was now a tail-on-end rush toward the old ruin, with a determination to put an end to the creature that had caused so much trouble.

Its destruction was accomplished without any difficulty, I myself, being its destroyer. Armed with my tiger rifle, through the aperture of the open window I was able to get good sight on it and send a bullet through its disordered brain.

It had done damage enough, as we learned afterwards, most of the villagers bitten by it dying of hydrophobia, while the result of the run through our own camp was the loss of several horses, though luckily the men, both soldiers and camp-followers, escaped the fearful infliction.

For myself, I could never afterward look at a jackal—little feared as these brutes are—without a creeping sensation of the flesh, a belief in their being above all animals dangerous and to be dreaded.

Since that day many a tiger have I killed, but never encountered one with such fear as I felt when face to face with that tailless jackal inside the ruined shrine of Buddha.

A GIRL'S DRESSING TABLE.

How She Can Make and Decorate It Herself.

Any girl, who likes pretty things about her, who has a little pocket money at her disposal and sews neatly, can contrive for her bedroom a dressing table that will be both useful and very ornamental. Now, before she chooses the material for making her table, she had better look about her room and decide on a color. If the paper on her wall is all over pale yellow roses and delicate green vines, it will be best to have the dressing table done in green, as near the same shade of vines on the wall as she can match. The foundation of her table can be made of one of two things, a common white wood kitchen table or a big dry goods box, and the latter is the cheapest and best. It can be bought at the grocer's or dry goods dealer's in the village for about 25 cents, and one that is thirty-six inches square or as near that size as the grocer can supply it will serve. I mention this size because the nicest dressing table stands about two feet and a half high by three feet long.

When the big box is secured set it between the two windows of the bedroom and begin to tack on the drapery. This



The Table.

ought to be of cotton, washable and figured green and white, and, if there isn't anything in the house nearly like that mother can spare for a table's decoration, why then, the suitable stuff may be bought. Very cheap chintz is the best material, for it can be had in green and white, prettily figured, durable and washable, and for 15 cents a yard. Six yards are necessary, and at the price mentioned 90 cents of pocket money must go to pay for it. Out of that six yards cut a piece to fit exactly over the top of this box and tack it down along the edges. The rest is made into a great full flounce, showing an inch-wide hem at top and bottom, just long enough to reach the floor and fasten to the edge of the box by gilt-headed tacks that are 20 cents a dozen. A dressing table mirror may be round, square of many sided, it may be small or large, and to secure it most inexpensively it can be either rescued from the garret or bought at an outlay of about \$3.

If there is an old mirror one can borrow from perhaps a broken down, banished bureau, all the better for one's carefully hoarded pocket money. No matter if the frame is battered and scratched, a 15-cent pot of cream white enamel paint will remedy all that—two coats puts the frame in perfect order, and when the mirror is hung in place one begins to think of the curtains. These are charming when made of cheese cloth, cream colored, figured in large green dots. It is only 12 cents a yard and six yards is enough to make the curtains and the extra cover; that should all be trimmed with a three-inch wide coarse cream net lace, at 8 cents a yard.

Drape the curtains as shown in the picture over a big brass hook screwed in the wall. This last costs 30 cents and then two yards of green ribbon, at 12 cents a yard, completes all the decoration for the dainty piece of furniture. Every stitch and tack for this dressing table can be put in by a girl's own hands and the result will be something every one will admire and she will feel the greatest comfort and pride in. The items of expense are given for the benefit of the girl who must build her dressing table from the ground up, all out of her own pocket. But there are girls who, with the co-operation of their mother or elder sister, can find odds and ends about the house to serve the purpose of drapery. Old chintz curtains well washed and then pretty figuring are splendid for the flounce and cover. There is lace, maybe ripped from some long discarded evening dress, a generous sister donates, and for very little the dressing table is built by clever, patient hands.

One thing to remember is that all its decorations ought to be of washable stuff, and now what to put on the table. For a girl white toilet articles are the nicest. Once one has a dressing table friends and relatives on birthdays and Christmases help to supply its needed furniture. Somebody will make the cushion all white muslin flounces over green silk, and then comes a white celluloid-backed comb and brush and the other articles, the hand glass, pin tray, powder box and cologne bottles are charming if one chooses white china, painted by a skilful friend in green and yellow to match the room. China is very smart and popular for any toilet table, and vastly better for a young girl who should want everything sweet and appropriate about her

FARMER GRIGSBY'S LAWSUIT

By Helen Whitley Clark.

From Golden Days.

"I won't be trampled on by Seth Stubblefield no longer!" sputtered Farmer Grigsby, in a towering rage. "I'll hev the law of him, that's what I'll do!"

Mrs. Grigsby was washing clothes in the back yard, where a bent and gnarled old apple tree made a shady spot for her tub. "What has Seth Stubblefield been a-do-in' now, Hiram?" she asked in a querulous voice.

"What's he been a-doing?" snarled the farmer. "Ain't his cows been tromplin' my cornfield again, an' runated more'n a acre of corn? Pretty nigh ready for the second plowin', it was, too! But I'll put a stop to it afore long. Human natur' can't stand everything, an' if he don't fix up his end of the division fence, or keep his cattle out o' my field, I'll sue him! I'll sue him for damages as sure as eggs is eggs!"

"It's no more'n you'd ought to a done long ago," assented Mrs. Grigsby, clapping a handful of soft soap on a homespun sheet, and rubbing it vigorously on the wooden washboard. "You've been too easy with him, Hiram."

"I shan't be easy with him no longer," asserted Hiram, aggressively. "I shall go an' see Squire Barnacle this very day."

And, striding to the stable, he saddled the sorrel cob, and proceeded to put his threat into execution, while his anger was still at fever heat.

It was not very long since the Grigsbys and Stubblefields had been the best of friends and neighbors. Scarcely a week elapsed without a visit between the two families.

Hiram Grigsby and Seth Stubblefield exchanged work at corn planting and harvest-time, and their wives consulted each other on such momentous questions as soap or apple butter making, and the relative merits of Plymouth Rock and Black Spanish fowls as layers and setters.

Tom Grigsby and Seth Stubblefield, well-grown lads of sixteen and seventeen years of age, had been chums ever since they were "little chicks."

They attended "deestric school" together in winter, and went gunning or fishing, and helped each other pile shocks in the harvest field in summer.

The daughters of the two families were also on the best of terms. They exchanged patchwork scraps and basque patterns, confided important secrets to one another, and were, in fact, kindred spirits in every respect.

This friendly intercourse continued until the feud broke out, and all neighborhood feeling was at an end.

How the trouble began, or which party was most to blame, it would be hard to say. Doubtless there was some fault on both sides.

At all events, the hatchet was dug up, and hostilities were carried on, until, from sympathizing friends, the two families became relentless enemies.

A system of "mark and reprisal" was soon established, which caused the breach to grow wider and wider—a sort of "tit for tat, butter is fat."

If you kill my dog, I'll kill your cat; arrangement, sometimes indulged in by "grown-up" folks as well as children.

Father Grigsby fenced up the little pool which ran from his spring, and from which his neighbor's stock had been wont to quench their thirst for years gone by.

Farmer Stubblefield at once retaliated by blocking the private road through his woods pasture, thereby forcing the Grigsbys to drive two miles further around in hauling cord wood, or taking their garden truck to market.

The well-trodden footpath across lots was neglected and grassgrown, and when the rival factions met at church meetings, or basket picnics and other rural gatherings, they turned their heads aside, or glared at one another with uncompromising hostility.

So the feud kept growing, until at last it culminated in a lawsuit.

"He'll sue me, will he?" blustered Farmer Stubblefield, red with anger. "Let him go ahead, I say. He'll find out two k'n play that game. I don't care if my cattle did tromp down his growin' corn. What 'd he turn his pigs inter my medder fur?"

"I'd make him smoke fur it, yet, if I was you, Seth," put in Mrs. Stubblefield. "He 'lows he kin scare you by goin' to law."

"That's what I know," replied Seth, grumpily. "But he'll haul in his horns before I'm through with him. I'll show him whose old hog eat up the grindstone!"

It was early in the springtime when the suit was brought, but owing to the law's delays it was still unsettled when harvest time came on.

Farmer Grigsby's crops had turned out well that year.

His hay was put up in long racks in the barnyard, where his wheat was also stacked, awaiting the coming "thrasher."

On a certain Saturday Mrs. Grigsby and her daughters were busy with the week's baking. Half a dozen pigs, a gallon jar of seed-cookies, and a goodly supply of light rolls and crusty brown loaves had already been drawn from the oven and set on the wide pantry shelf to cool.

A home-cured ham was gently simmering over the stove, and the 12 o'clock dinner was under way.

Farmer Grigsby sat moodily awaiting the coming meal, when Tom Grigsby dashed into the house.

"Forest fires!" he shouted. "The fence has caught, an' it's most up to the stacks!" In a moment all was confusion. The farmer seized a spade and rushed to the scene of his crops.

His wife and daughters eagerly followed each armed with a stout cudgel, to assist in battling with the devouring element.

For weeks there had been a drought, leaving the grass and underbrush as dry as tinder. The flames swept rapidly forward. Rail fences and fallen brushwood crackled in the fierce heat.

Bravely the anxious family fought for their possessions, only to be baffled and driven back by the relentless flames.

Overcome at last by exhaustion and de-

spair, Farmer Grigsby dropped his weapon and groaned aloud:

"The crops must go!" he sighed, hopelessly. "I am a ruined man. If we can save the ole homestead, it's more'n I expect."

But even as he spoke, an encouraging shout was heard from the deserted footpath, which led "across lots."

"Keep a stout heart neighbor. We'll see you through!"

Every eye turned in the direction of the cheery sound, to behold the stalwart figure of Seth Stubblefield hurrying forward, a stout spade on his shoulder.

At his heels came his son, Ben, carrying a long-handled shovel, and following closely after him were Mrs. Stubblefield and Susan, the one brandishing a rake and the other a hoe.

New strength was infused into the Grigsby family by this timely reinforcement, and all hands fell to work to baffle the advancing enemy.

The men with their spades beat out every fresh blaze made by the spreading flames. The boys tore down the endangered fences, and carried the rails out of harm's way.

The rake and hoe, in the hands of the women, were used to good advantage in drawing dead leaves and other debris away from the line of the encroaching fire; and the girls brought water around in tin pails, and handed dripping gourdfuls of the refreshing element to the thirsty, perspiring workers.

Their heroic efforts were crowned with victory at last. The persistent foe was conquered, with no more serious loss than the destruction of a few rods of rail fence.

"An' we'll turn in an' give ye a rail-splittin' to make them good," volunteered Farmer Stubblefield.

"An' now your wheatstacks an' hayricks is safe, neighbor, I reckon we may's well be gittin' along," he added, mopping his face. If you'd only 'a' blowed the horn, to let us know you was in trouble, we'd 'a' got here sooner. But, anyhow, the danger's all over now."

"Yes, thanks to you, ole friend," answered Hiram Grigsby, in a stifled voice. I hadn't the right to expect no help from you, after bein' so mean as to sue you."

"Pooh! pooh! I'd 'a' been meaner'n pusley if I'd stood by an' saw your crops burnt up. An' you done right to sue me. I'd ought to keep my part o' the fence up," confessed Farmer Stubblefield, eagerly. But I'll pay all the damages my cattle has done in your corn field. An' I'll—"

You won't—you shan't!" interrupted Hiram. They hadn't done no damage, an' I won't hev a cent."

Here the worthy farmer broke down. His feelings choked further utterance, and grasping the hand of his late enemy, he gave it a hearty shake, which was quite as heartily returned.

"I'll sell every hoof o' stock on my farm but what I'll keep 'em from tromplin' on your corn!" declared Seth, recklessly.

"Blamed if I care what they tromple on, so you an' me air friends ag'in, like we used to be!" responded Hiram.

Here Mrs. Grigsby spoke up.

"You ain't a one o' you going home without your dinners!" she asserted, determinedly. "So come right along to the house; an' set awhile."

And her command was obeyed without a word of dissent.

Mrs. Stubblefield insisted on lending her aid in the kitchen, where she was soon enjoying a gossip with her old neighbor, while the girls fell to setting the table, with much clattering of dishes and chattering of tongues.

The heads of the reunited families sat on the vine-shaded porch, contentedly discussing the price of wheat and hay, and the two boys, overjoyed at the new turn of affairs, celebrated the happy occasion by swapping jack knives.

The pies and seed-cookies and boiled ham, intended for the Sunday dinner, were not spared in the forthcoming meal, and if the table did not groan under its burden of good cheer it was only because groans would have been out of place on such a festive occasion. And thus ended Farmer Grigsby's lawsuit.

BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

The Story of a Generous Dog.

A homeless dog strayed into a San Francisco engine house and was made welcome by the jolly firemen. Though they named him Bummer, they treated him kindly, fed him, made him a bed and gave him the freedom of the house.

Bummer repaid their kindness by devoting himself to his new friends. He ran with the engine to every fire, marched with it proudly on parade, kept other dogs out of its way, and guarded the men, if they needed his care. He was seldom off duty, unless hunger prompted a visit to a neighboring restaurant, where a friend of his engine kindly fed him.

One day, after eating a hearty meal there, he crammed his mouth with meat and bones and trotted off. He did the same the next day and the next. Then he was followed. Going through several streets he entered a small, dark, dirty alley; and, at its farther end, laid down the food before a half-starved dog; then, wagging his tail in satisfaction, he kept guard while the old creature ate.

Learning that Bummer was supporting a friend, the firemen went to see what attractions there were about the old dog. They found a miserable dirty skeleton with a broken leg. Much of his hair was gone, and his body marked with sores and scars, telling of recent and earlier battles. Though they saw nothing desirable about the old fellow, Bummer's kindness and wistful look conquered.

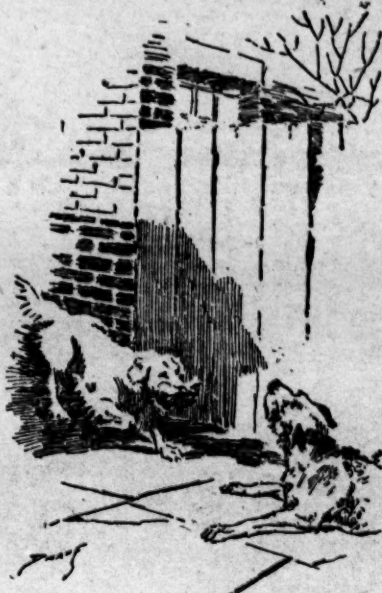
The old creature was taken to the engine house, his leg put in splints, an addition made to Bummer's bed, and the new comer given a share in the other's right. To the dog with the sores the firemen gave the name of Lazarus.

Kind treatment and good food showed their effect on Lazarus, but could not make him young again. He regained strength, recovered the use of his leg and was able to walk about, but never to run far with the engine. His duty seemed to be to guard the house, while his younger friend attended to the engine in the streets.

The old fellow appeared to be the butt of every cur in the ward. The meanest and most cowardly canine of the street need only see Lazarus away from his business and there followed a fight, with the old fellow invariably the under dog. Too old and weak to battle successfully, yet he seemed to know nothing about victory, Ma-

was a dog of peace when he had b's way; of defeat, when the other had a chance.

After a few battles, Lazarus was let alone when Bummer was near; but never if his champion was out of hearing. The strong dog need but hear the faint yelp for aid of his venerable friend, and there came like a black flash through the streets something that sent the aggressor tumbling over and over, without knowing what had struck



He Entered a Small, Dark, Dirty Alley.

him. If the scamp dared to fight, he must meet Bummer's strength and prowess; usually the battle ended with the champion's first charge.

Though kindness and care prolonged the life of Lazarus, they could not stop the later approach of death. It came slowly but surely. The old dog ceased to eat, nor would he try the nicest dainties. Bummer's watching and the attention of the firemen, appreciated by the old fellow, made his end easy.

The men made a box, placed the body of the dead dog in it, and, followed by Bummer, carried it out to a vacant lot and gave it decent burial.

A change came over Bummer after his friend's death. He lost friskiness, refused to follow the engine, declined food, would not take medicine, and seemed to be grieving himself to death. Though he received the attention of the firemen kindly, he showed no interest in them nor anything they did. Sitting at the door of the engine room or lying in his bed, he allowed time to pass as though he had lost all interest in life. Thus he gradually wasted away, died from grief and starvation. A few weeks after the death of Lazarus, Bummer's dead body lay in the same bed.

The firemen made a neat box for a coffin, and carried their friend to a pleasant vacant lot than had been used for the other and while some dug a grave for Bummer, others dug up the other dog; and in the new grave they laid the friends side by side. Over the mound they raised a stone, on which they had the names of the faithful friends inscribed; and, unless that stone has been removed recently, it yet marks in the vacant lot the last resting place of Bummer and Lazarus.

A Ludicrous Pet.

An amusing story is told by Frank Leslie's Monthly of a baby camel pet in the Central park menagerie:

"Many of the animals of Central park are pets of the keepers. Several years ago a baby camel that had lost its mother and was brought up on the bottle was carried about, fed, nursed and attended to as if it were a human child. It thrived and grew astonishingly, but did not seem to take into account or be conscious of its increased size. As I sat in the animal enclosure one day sketching it spied me out and immediately rushed up and tried to climb into my lap. It was almost full grown. I was reminded of the fable of the donkey, who, envying the affections and caresses bestowed by his master upon a favorite lapdog, tried to imitate and emulate the playful tricks and gambols of the little animal. The grievous amazement of the huge creature when I drove him away was irresistibly ludicrous and indescribably absurd. I was actually obliged to station a park policeman with a club to keep guard over him, and he stood as near to me as he was allowed until I finished my work, complaining, and I might almost say weeping, at my cruelty in not accepting his endearments."

A Two Million Dollar Comma.

"Oh, punctuation marks are not of much account. They're just put in for looks. I don't want to bother about them."

Such are the sentiments of a good many schoolboys with regard to the branch of letter and composition writing. Others again, appear to think that all that is necessary is to put in a comma here and there at haphazard, to set off the "looks of the thing." How risky this way of doing things is may be learned from the following incident:

It seems that some twenty years ago, when the United States, by congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment.

The enrolling clerk in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until congress could remedy the blunder—all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which any one would be liable to make, yet could have avoided, by carefulness, cost the government not less than \$2,000,000. A pretty costly comma, then?

A Remarkable Adventure.

The confidence of the average small boy in his father's ability to overcome anything that inhabits the earth in the shape of man or beast is well illustrated in the following story, taken from Harper's Young People. The Sammy of the story doubtless manufactured the yarn out of his profuse and highly colored imagination, but it is a fair specimen of the confidence which a boy of that age reposes in his father's prowess:

Dear Mr. Editor—I'm awful glad that you don't object to facts, like ma, for if you did, you wouldn't print my letters about what Sammy's pa has done, and then all the boys and girls that read The Young People wouldn't have their minds strengthened and improved by knowing about the things that he has done, like Sammy and me.

Yesterday I asked Sammy if his pa had ever been in Asia.

"Of course," said Sammy. "Asia and Texas and everywhere. Pop knows all about Asia—says he could travel all over it in the dark, and never bump his head. It was in Asia that he had the little experience with the royal bengal tiger."

"Tell me all about it, Sammy," I says.

"I guess I'd better tell you 'bout the time when he slept in the big cannon, and forgot, and lit his pipe," says Sammy.

"Well," I says, "that sounds 'sif it might be good, but I'd rather hear about the tiger this time."

"It's a kind of a poky story," says Sammy. "I reckon it's more of a girl's story than it is a boy's. Well, pop went to Asia once to look around, and see what he could see. He traveled a spell, and saw lots of animals, 'specially elephants, and hipper-potterhosses, and rinosehosses, and jer-riffers, and such big 'ones. He says he got so tired of these big animals that he just got homesick to see a small, handy sort of a animal, like a buffalo or a grizzly bear. He says his neck got tired lookin' up at 'em."

"Well, one day he was walking along in the grass whistling a tune, when all at once right in front of him he saw a tiger. It was 'bout a rod from him, with its head right towards him, and all humped down, just like a cat watching a canary bird. It had its mouth open, and was all ready to jump. Pop says he never in his life saw anything like the way that tiger was switching his tail. It just slashed 'round, first to one side and then to the other, hitting the tiger's sides every time with a thump which made the tiger howl 'cause it hurt so. Pop says he never saw any tiger flourish his tail so before nor since."

"Pop didn't have any gun nor other weepin, and he knew he couldn't run away from it, and that it wouldn't do a'y good to say scat. So he just waited. In 'bout a minute the tiger all at once stopped wagging his tail, settled down a little lower, and jumped for pop like a cannon ball. Pop just shot himself forward, feet first, like 'sif he was playing baseball and sliding for second base; and as that tiger went over him he grabbed its tail with both hands 'bout in the middle, and hung on 'sif he'd been froze right there and couldn't get away."

"Well, pop says that was the most astonished tiger he ever saw. He looked back and saw pop hanging on, and then he gave one more jump—but pop hung. Then he jumped straight up, came down and turned round twenty times, rolled over sideways and endways, and jumped up and turned double summersets in the air—but pop hung. It was rough on pop, and he got bumped a good deal, but he hung. Then the tiger started, and he run for a hour, straight ahead, long jumps, with pop waving behind and yelling loud as he could, so to make him run harder and get tired out. At last he did get tired out, and stopped. He couldn't go another step, but just laid down and stuck out his tongue and panted. Then pop got up on his feet, waited a few minutes for the tiger to rest, and then kicked him a little, gently, and started him along. The tiger could walk, but he couldn't run any more, so pop just kept hold of his tail, and followed along behind and guided him. If he wanted the tiger to go more to the right, he would pull around a little to the left, and if he needed to go more to the left, pop would haul off on the right. About 4 o'clock pop got into camp with him and tied him to a tree, and begun to rub himself with arnica."

"What became of the tiger?" I said to Sammy.

"Broke the rope in the night and went off," said Sammy. "Pop met him again about a week after, and when he saw pop he turned and run so fast that pop says it looked like a streak of tiger a quarter of a mile long."

Goodby, Mr. Editor.

Harry.

A Sky-Rocket Oration.

The following pyrotechnic display of oratory shows that it is not always big words, but more frequently simplicity of style that appeals to the reason.

To some pungent remarks of a professional brother, a western lawyer began his reply as follows: "May it please this court, resting upon the couch of republican equality as I do, covered with the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am and protected by the segis of American liberty as I set myself to be, I despise the buzzing of the professional insect who has just got down and defy his attempts to penetrate with his puny sting the interstices of my impervious covering." It is sad to report that after all this display of brilliancy he lost the case.

Troubled.

(By M. M. D.)

From St. Nicholas.

If it were not for fairies, this world would be drear;

(I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)

The grass would not tangle,

The bluebells would jangle,

And things would be stupid and queer.

Know,

And everything dull if the fairies

(I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)

I love to believe in the god-mother

And Hop-my-Thumb, heigh-ho!

And it's cruel in Willy

To call me a silly.

If brothers would only be nice, you know

Not tease and make fun, all my

would go,—

I'd believe in the fairies forever,—

IN CHILDREN.

A scene Before the District Conference Yesterday.

FIFTEEN LITTLE ORPHANS PRESENTED

Dr. Candler Talks About Emory College Sermon by Dr. H. H. Rowe—The Routine Proceedings.

A striking incident of the south Atlanta district conference now in session was the presentation of fifteen little orphans yesterday morning by Rev. Howard L. Crumley.

The children were all neatly dressed and presented quite a picture to the conference. Two or three old gentlemen who sat in front pulled out their handkerchiefs and wept as the proceedings were enacted, and there was scarcely any one in the congregation who was not visibly affected. A deeper chord, however, was touched when the little orphans began to sing. In a sweet, musical concert, in which every voice seemed to blend in perfect harmony, the familiar strains of the old hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus," was recognized. There was a hush in the proceedings of the conference when this little scene was enacted. The children are inmates of the Orphan Home, an institution which is under the supervision of the Methodist church.

The spiritual condition of the several churches of the conference was taken up yesterday morning, and the roll of the conference was read. In a general way it was stated that much improvement had been observed in many of the churches; a few of the members refused to take communion; several at back-sidings during the year, and a few had been guilty of drinking, but stood of expelling them from the church, and had been carefully watched and their means had been employed to bring them back into the spiritual fold.

The Morning Session.

The conference met at the usual hour, and was called to order by the president, Dr. Cook. Rev. Casper Wright, of the Inman circuit, reported that he had ridden over 500 miles during the year. He had visited the sterner households of his circuit, and daily prayer was observed by fully half the church membership. Rev. C. Y. Westcott, pastor of Asbury church, reported that only two drunkards had been detected among the church members during the year. The spiritual condition of the church was good, and its finances were regulated in such a way that every obligation was cancelled. When the East circuit was called, Rev. J. M. Tulin reported. He thought the condition of his charges were all good, though not as marked as he desired to have it. A few of the churches were disposed to shirk communion and several of them were given to taking their family prayer was not observed by half of the church members and there was rather too much coldness on the part of a great majority, but he was not discouraged. There were many hopeful signs, and he recognized the hand of God leading him in the great work of salvation. Interesting reports were made along the same line by Rev. John Spier, of the Asbury circuit, Rev. W. T. Bell, of the Jackson circuit, and Rev. E. H. Wood, of the Fayetteville circuit.

Dr. Candler on Emory.

Dr. Warren A. Candler, of Emory college, made an interesting talk before the conference on the subject of education. He referred to the career of Emory college and the important part it was playing in the education of the south. He spoke of the responsibilities of the church upon the delegates to give to the education of the young men and women, their hearty support and co-operation. He said that the church should be a power in the world, and that it should be a power in the world.

An interesting talk was made by Miss Allen, of Forsyth, Ga. She spoke of the responsibilities of the church upon the delegates to give to the education of the young men and women, their hearty support and co-operation. She said that the church should be a power in the world, and that it should be a power in the world.

Resolved, that the conference has heard the representatives of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society. An interesting talk was made by Miss Allen, of Forsyth, Ga. She spoke of the responsibilities of the church upon the delegates to give to the education of the young men and women, their hearty support and co-operation. She said that the church should be a power in the world, and that it should be a power in the world.

After the close of the morning session, Rev. H. H. Rowe, the president of Wesleyan Female college, preached an able sermon from the text, Luke 11:28. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask Him." The discourse was a powerful presentation of the work of the Holy Spirit.

Afternoon Session.

Rev. Howard Crumley conducted the devotional exercises yesterday afternoon. Before the conference settled down to business Rev. George G. Smith made a little talk in behalf of his book, "The Conversion of Children." Several copies of the book were sold.

A special committee, consisting of Messrs. Robert Todd, W. C. Parker and G. A. Howell, was appointed to look into the matter of taxing church property. A call of churches was next resumed and reports were submitted.

Mr. W. S. Witham, the president of the Lagrange Female college, was next presented to the conference and made an interesting talk in behalf of that institution.

Mr. Witham is at the head of fourteen financial ability. Dr. J. W. Heidt made an eloquent appeal and aid in behalf of the Reinhardt Normal school, at Walesea, Ga. Dr. Heidt is the president of the board of trustees of this institution.

Rev. W. D. Shea gave an account of his labors in behalf of the East Atlanta mission and was followed by Mr. Marbut, the superintendent, who called upon the conference for aid and support.

Rev. C. C. Davis made a statement at the close of the session to the effect that over five hundred families in Atlanta were without the Bible. He was called to preach not a Bible in the house. This created a sensation and Mr. Davis will be heard at a greater length today.

At the evening service, which was held at 8 o'clock, Rev. J. M. Tulin, of the East Point circuit, addressed the conference. His sermon was a powerful plea for greater spirituality in the church.

This is the last day of the conference and a large amount of business remains to be transacted. The conference will meet again this morning at 9 o'clock and the public generally is cordially invited.

High School Principals Elected.

THEY DON'T AGREE.



This is a bottle of POND'S EXTRACT—small size. We have 'em bigger.



This is a Jersey Mosquito—small size. We have 'em much bigger.

For **INSTANT RELIEF** from Sting of Mosquito Bites from Heat of Sunburn apply **Pond's Extract**

IT IS Cooling Refreshing Healing It is the universally recognized Specific for PILES. (See directions with each bottle.)

For all external wounds and inflamed surfaces a wonderful healer. Bathe the Aching Head or the Swollen Feet with POND'S EXTRACT. What Comfort!

When the mosquitoes send substitutes to do their work, then use something else "just as good" in place of Pond's Extract. But when the mosquitoes come themselves, use none but genuine Pond's Extract. Manufactured only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

LIVELY EXPERIENCES

A Louisville Lady Strikes the City and Has a Rough Reception.

After Two Hours She Applied to a Justice of the Peace to Recover Her Goods. She is Now at the Arsenal.

A handsome woman, bare-headed, with disheveled hair and clothing somewhat disarranged, rushed into the little courtroom of Judge Landrum on Decatur street yesterday morning about 10:30 o'clock and greatly startled the judge and the other occupants of the courtroom.

The lady gave her name as Mrs. M. E. Ewing and her residence as Louisville, Ky. She hastily related the story of a very exciting visit to a house on Frazier street.

According to the story given Judge Landrum, it seems that some two years ago she met Mrs. Seymour, of Atlanta, at Lookout mountain and the two became friends and had been corresponding with each other since their parting.

A couple of days ago Mrs. Ewing decided to pay a visit to relatives of hers near Atlanta and also decided to stop over at Mrs. Seymour's in this city with her friend, Mrs. Seymour.

She telegraphed Mrs. Seymour to meet her at the depot yesterday morning. She arrived on the Western and Atlantic train, but to her surprise, her friend failed to show up.

After waiting for quite a while Mrs. Ewing took a cab and drove out to Mrs. Ewing's trunk, which stood as the exponent of her visit, but to her surprise, she found it empty.

Some dispute arose over the amount to be paid the drayman for moving Mrs. Ewing's trunk. It seems that in some way Mrs. Ewing's trunk had been lost.

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BLEW HIS HAND OFF.

A Little Child on Decatur Street Suffers a Horrible Accident

THE EXPLOSION OF A CANNON CRACKER

Two Other Children Who Were Playing with Him Heavily Hurt by the Same Explosion.

A large cannon cracker carelessly left in an old closet was the cause of one child losing his right hand and two others being seriously hurt yesterday afternoon.

The accident occurred at 180 Decatur street, just in front of the police station, and for several hours caused the wildest excitement among the inhabitants of that locality.

Michael Cohen is a Russian Jew and keeps a clothing store on Decatur street. At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Lewis Cohen, Lewis Weinberg and Isaac Cohen, three very small boys, were playing in the area back of the store. After a few hours at play Lewis Cohen, who is a precocious young chap six years old, sought diversion of another nature.

While the others were at play he went into the house. His curiosity led him to investigate the contents of an old closet in his father's room. Here were stored away a lot of old fireworks which had been kept over since last Christmas and the child selected a large cannon cracker from the assortment. He ran back into the yard and rushed back into the street, holding up the prize in his hand. All of the boys were delighted with the idea of firing off the big cracker and began to make preparations for it. The cracker was placed on a pile of bricks and the children gathered around to see it off. The little Cohen fellow took the thing up in his right hand and with great precision he fired it. The result was a most successful explosion. The fuse must have been too short or the child ignorant of the effects of the explosion.

A ringing report followed the striking of the match and the force of the explosion threw the children down. The street was crowded and a number of persons rushed to the place. At the time Mr. Cohen was waiting on a customer. He ran hurriedly from the backdoor and was the first to reach the scene after the report.

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NEW DOCTORS.



DR. A. SOPER. DR. A. MacKENZIE.

All who visit the foreign doctors before August 2d will receive services two months free of charge. This benevolent offer is extended to the rich and poor alike. Those selected from the highest graded colleges on the continent, they represent the best medical and surgical training in the world. All diseases of men and women treated. No matter what the name and nature of your disease may be, nor how long standing, do not fail to secure their opinion of your case as it costs you nothing. If incurable they will frankly tell you. During the past month 554 visited the doctors and 276 were rejected as incurable. Hours 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Their office is known as the "Foreign Doctors' Office," No. 44 Walton street, corner Fairlie street, Atlanta, Ga. Those unable to call enclose a history of their case together with a 2-cent stamp, and address to Dr. A. Soper, No. 44 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHERS! NOTE THESE PRICES

Bring in your husbands and boys and examine these goods on our BARGAIN COUNTERS.

Straw Hats at half price for men and boys.

Men's Derbys, \$1, worth double. Men's all wool Suits, \$6.50 and \$8.50, worth from \$10 to \$16.50 each.

Knee Pants at 35c, worth 50c. Knee Pants, 49c, worth 75 and 85c.

Knee Pants at 72c, worth \$1 to \$1.50. Knee Pants at 98c, worth \$1.50 to \$3.

Everything guaranteed as represented or money refunded, at

Eiseman & Weil's Advertisers of Facts, 3 Whitehall St.

Look Before You Leap, Or the Result May Be Disastrous.

Many people who come to our office for medical treatment have been exterminated by the use of cheap treatments because the price was low. The results were disastrous, and we had to treat the case much longer in order to effect a cure than if we had seen the case in the first place. Remember, the best is always the cheapest, and that Dr. Hathaway & Co. are considered by the leading specialists in the treatment of all delicate and private diseases peculiar to men and women.

SPECIALTIES. DEBILITY, PIMPLES, ULCERS, VARICOCELES, PILES, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES, HYDROCELE, NERVOUS.

MEN—Young, middle-aged or old, who are suffering from nervous weaknesses, physical debility, premature decay, impotency, or any of the diseases caused by excesses, indiscretions and general violations of the laws of health, should consult the specialists in the cure of these ailments. Strength, vitality and nerve power restored.

Blood and skin diseases, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Pains, Swellings, Scrofula and Blood Poison in all its stages.

Urinary Diseases, Kidney, Bladder and Prostatic Troubles and all catarrhal conditions of the urinary tract, causing burning, itching, and all private diseases of men and women cured.

LADIES—Do not fail to try our treatment for the many diseases peculiar to their sex. Cases when other doctors have failed. Our treatment is easy to use and no pain is caused.

All correspondence answered promptly; business strictly confidential. Entire treatment free from observation. Refer to our patients, banks and business men.

Call on or address

Dr. Hathaway & Co. 224 Broad street, Atlanta, Ga. Hours: 9 to 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 to 11 a. m.

Mail treatment given by sending for symptom blank and filling out No. 2 for women, No. 3 for skin diseases, No. 4 for catarrh.

Our medical reference book sent on receipt of one 3-cent stamp.

If you do not wish to address Dr. Hathaway & Co., simply write: Lock Box 68, Atlanta, Ga.

BIDS FOR CEMENT.

Atlanta, Ga., July 24, 1894.—Sealed proposals, addressed to the mayor and general council of the city of Atlanta, Ga., will be received until 3 o'clock p. m. on Monday, August 6, 1894, for furnishing the city with cement for the ending June 30, 1895. Estimated quantity, about 12,000 barrels.

The right is reserved to increase or diminish the quantity, or to reject any or all bids, or to award the contract to the bidder offering the lowest price, or to award the contract to the bidder offering the best quality of cement, or to award the contract to the bidder offering the best quality of cement, or to award the contract to the bidder offering the best quality of cement.

Bidders are requested to furnish bids for cement in barrels or strong paper bags. The cement must be equal to the best quality of the city engineer.

Best quality of the city engineer. Specifications can be seen in the office of the city engineer.

Check for two hundred and fifty (\$250) dollars, payable to the commission of public works, must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the successful bidder will enter into the contract.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids must be sealed and plainly endorsed, "Proposal for furnishing cement."

Commissioner of Public Works.

July 25—wed Fri wed 21

15 TO 20 DEGREES COOLER THAN NEW YORK AND 10 TO 15 HOURS DAILY.

Catskill Mountain House, Catskill, N. Y. Rates, \$14, \$17.50 and \$21 per week; \$3 to \$4 per day.

PERSONAL. C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room mouldings, 30 Marietta street. Send for samples.

It is Not

Often You Can Purchase A Great Work Of Acknowledged Worth

At Introductory Prices

And Then Have The Privilege Of Paying For It At The Easy Rate Of

Ten Cents A Day

Yet That Is Precisely The Constitution's Encyclopædia Britannica Proposition And A Handsome Savings Bank

Is Given You

In Which To Save Up The Dimes. It Is The Chance Of A Lifetime. Act Promptly If

You Wish It

Ain't We Right?

It has always been a puzzle to us how Clothiers could hope to succeed in gaining permanent patrons by advertising some specialty—generally old, worthless articles at seemingly low prices—and enticing people to their store! Our idea is not to have one special offer as a "bait," but to sell everything, best Clothes, best Hats, best Furnishings, all the time, and at the lowest living prices. Ain't we right? That's our way!

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO. 38 Whitehall St.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Aragon, ATLANTA, GA.

American and European Plans. Finest and best conducted hotel palace in the south. Highest and coolest location in the city; 2 1/2 blocks from union depot, on Peachtree street. No noise, dirt or smoke. Perfect cuisine and service. Roof garden open during summer, with orchestral and vocal music. Electric cars pass the door for all parts of the city. Free bus meets all trains. Special rates given by the week or month during the summer.

RATES: From June 1st to October 1st, American plan, \$2.50 to \$4.50; European plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Gatonsa Springs, Buffalo-Epsom Water

The great remedy for removal of ossified substances from the liver and kidneys and for all stomach and bowel diseases. Located high up in the mountains of north Georgia. Only two miles from railroad. The most famous watering place in the south. Special low rates will be made this season. For particulars, address

PORTER WAINWRIGHT, Ga.

TURNERVILLE HOTEL, Turnerville, Ga., on the Blue Ridge and Atlantic railroad, four miles from Tullahoma, Tenn. Rates, \$12.50 to \$15 per month.

MITCHELL FRANKLIN, Proprietor.

Trust Company of Georgia

Equitable building, has separate vaults for the storage of family plate, paintings, bronzes and other valuables. Bonds or other securities received for safe keeping and under guarantee, the company assuming absolute liability for their delivery.

Safes are rented in the safe deposit vaults by the year or for a shorter period. All kinds of safe business. Vaults open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. July 1st.

Going Rapidly. The best Pistol in the United States for this money. Made exactly like a Smith & Wesson. Can sell you a nickel-plated one, 32 or 38 caliber, for \$3.75 or a blued one, for \$4.00. The Clarke Hardware Co., corner Edgewood and Peachtree street.

Times are Hard. You have nothing to do but whittle. We have nothing to do but whittle. Knives from 5 cents up to \$3. Our fall importation has just arrived, and we can fit you up nicely. Razors, Scissors, Table Cutlery and anything in the cutting line. The Clarke Hardware Co., corner



Swaves wear rings on their ankles; civilized people wear them on their fingers, and the demand for these jewels seems to be increasing every year. J. P. Stevens & Son, the well-known jewellers, keep fully abreast of the times in these goods. They display a large variety of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, and in the matter of pure 18K hand rings for wedding purposes they always keep a large supply of the new shapes. Remember the place, 47 Whitehall street.



The best
Dollar a quart
Whisky

**BLUTHENTHAL
& BICKART**
B. & B. Marietta and
Forsyth Sts.
Hello! No. 378.

Other Fine Whiskies.

FRANK H. POTTS,
HENRY POTTS,
JOSEPH THOMPSON.

**Potts-Thompson
Liquor Co.**

Will sell California Sherries, Clarets, Sauternes and Rhine Wines very cheap till first of September.

Give us a trial.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House,
Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.
Telephone 48.

Imitators
ABOUND

of most of the successful things, and especially of the world-famed

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef.

Therefore for satisfactory results in your cooking get the genuine with this signature in blue:

DR. W. W. BOWES, SPECIALIST.

Treatment \$5 per month for all Medical cases, no matter what the Disease, NOT requiring Surgical Treatment.

SPECIALTIES.

Hydrocele, Spermatitis, Bladder Diseases, Enlarged Prostate, Gleet, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Kidneys and Liver, Skin Diseases.

Consultation at office or by mail free. Book and question list for 2-cent stamp.

DR. W. W. BOWES, 114 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga. (Over Snooks & Co's Furniture store).

OPIMUM

and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., 114 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga. Office 114, Whitehall St.

A. K. HAWKES,

Manufacturing Optician

The only optical plant run by electric power in the state. All the latest machinery for testing eyesight; established twenty-three years. Headquarters for the United States, 12 Whitehall street.

TO RENT

The Augusta Hotel

Containing ninety rooms, in perfect order; fine location, a chance of a life time for those who have a small capital and understand business; no furniture; possession at once. Apply to JOHN W. DICKEY, Augusta, Ga.

TWO CHANGES MADE.

Adjutant W. G. Obeor Appointed Assistant Inspector General of State Troops.

CAPT. JONES MADE COLONEL OF THE 6TH

Lieutenant Satterlee Forwards His Report to the War Department—It is a Voluminous Document.

Two important appointments in the state's volunteer militia were made yesterday, and commissions were issued to the appointees by Lieutenant Satterlee yesterday afternoon.

Captain W. G. Obeor, adjutant of the Fifth regiment of Atlanta, was appointed assistant inspector general with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and Captain William E. Jones, of Augusta, was appointed colonel of the Sixth regiment of infantry with headquarters at Augusta.

Two or three retirements were also recorded and Lieutenant Satterlee finished his report of inspection of the state's troops. This latter document is a large volume in itself, and is a complete record of facts and statistics concerning the Georgia volunteers. Colonel Jones is a native Georgian. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va. He served for some years as a lieutenant in Company E, First battalion, now Sixth regiment, and since December, 1890, has been captain of Troop H, First regiment of cavalry.

Captain William G. Obeor, who was commissioned assistant inspector general, is adjutant of the Fifth regiment of infantry. Colonel Obeor is a Georgian; born at Macon, Ga. He served at Military college, University of Tennessee from 1880 to 1881. He was a private and corporal in the Southern Cadets, Macon, 1882; private in Macon Volunteers, 1882 to 1883; private in Birmingham Guards, Ala., 1887 to 1888; private in Jefferson Volunteers, Birmingham, Ala., 1888 to 1891; second lieutenant of Home Light Guards, Macon, 1891; private in Birmingham Guards, Ala., 1891 to 1892; private in Capital City Guards, Company B, Fifth regiment infantry, Atlanta, 1893; was appointed adjutant Fifth regiment, December, 1893, which position he has held until this date.

The following officers have been placed on the roll of retired officers of the Georgia volunteers: Jesse J. Bull, Talbotton, as lieutenant colonel, late captain Company A, Fourth regiment infantry; Joseph P. White, Savannah, as second lieutenant, late second lieutenant Georgia Hussars.

Lieutenant Satterlee's yesterday mailed to the war department his report of inspection of the troops of the state. It is a voluminous document, covering fifty closely typewritten pages. His report shows the following organized strength of the Georgia troops:

Machine gun platoon, 23; general staff, 7; medical department, 17; hospital and ambulance corps, 6; or a total of 53.

The Georgia volunteers, colored, show a strength of 1,152 total. The total strength of the white forces of the state allowed by law is 10,253, officers and men. This includes the naval and militia.

The total number of officers and men attending the encampment this year was 1,255, out of a total ordered to camp of 1,889, a percentage of attendance of about 65. This was a hard year to get men away from business, which accounts for the seemingly low per cent. The lieutenant says that there has been a marked improvement of the force during the last year. Decidedly greater and healthier interest has been displayed. He says that the most noticeable advancement has been made by the Fifth regiment of Atlanta. Since January this regiment has increased her enlisted strength over 50 per cent. This command made a reputation at camp for good, practical work. The street demonstration made by it upon returning from camp was significant of progress. The regiment presented a striking appearance with their simple field dress, gray shirts and jeans trousers, in heavy marching order. Such things speak for themselves. The Atlanta Rifles apparently made a hit with the inspector general by going to camp without extra baggage. Everything carried by the men was taken in the knapsacks. No baggage was saved, save a valise for each of the three officers, was carried along.

The lieutenant makes a great number of recommendations in his report, which, if carried out, will make further improvement possible. Among other matters suggested, he strongly recommends that the state appropriate salary for the adjutant general, and for the heads of departments when actively engaged with the troops. One recommendation made must strike the troops favorably, and that a legislative committee be appointed from the general assembly to visit each annual camp of instruction. He thinks that such a committee may see for themselves what the troops are doing; that camps are nothing of the fun and frolic order; moreover, the visit of such a committee would inspire the troops to the best.

He points out that the military code of the state is defective, in that it does not provide intelligently and comprehensively for the convocation of courts martial—in other words, that it does not prescribe a suitable penal code. He thinks that the term of enlistment is too short and recommends that it be lengthened to two years for all branches. It is now fixed at two years in the naval, militia and hospital corps. He suggests that each regimental commander be carefully provided with a plan for the rapid concentration of troops within his own district, and that where a regiment or battalion, or a part of the same, is stationed at any one point, practice be occasionally had in assembling, upon short notice, fully armed and equipped for the field.

Whereas Lieutenant Satterlee's report will go to the war department, it, together with more detailed information, will be embodied in his report to the governor, which he is still engaged upon.

In answer to a question as to what was being done towards sending a rifle team from the Georgia volunteers to Sea Girt, N. Y., as announced some days since, the lieutenant replied that he felt greatly encouraged from reports received.

Ten men are practicing three times weekly in Savannah, and with very good results; one man made at practice, on the 21st, 114 points out of a possible 125, or five scores—20, 23, 25, 25.

He has received reports from Augusta also which indicated good work there over a newly-made 600-yard range. He hopes to select a good team of twelve from those two points.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff. The same axiom is equally true regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla as compared to many other remedies.

Flavor all your cold drinks with ten to fifteen drops of ANGIOTON BITTERS, to keep free from all summer diseases and all sorts of indigestion.

Professor Charles M. Neel wishes to state that the exercises of the Georgia Military Institute will be resumed September 4th, and that only a limited number of cadets will be received.

Beckham's Pills with a drink of water morning.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on its packaging, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



We have unequal facilities for

the manufacture of
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

We grind all kinds of Lenses, plain or compound.

KELLAM & MOORE Scientific Opticians

54 Marietta St., opposite postoffice.

J. B. ROBERTS,

Real Estate, 45 Marietta Street.

10-r Forest avenue, will take nice north side vacant lot as part pay, \$8,000.

80 acres to exchange for suburban property, \$5,000.

2-r Georgia avenue, \$20 mo., \$1,800.

4-r Pine street, \$15 mo., \$1,600.

5-r Luckie street, \$2,250.

6-r Jones avenue, \$1,700.

33 acres near Decatur to exchange for city property.

7-r Windsor street, \$3,800.

6-r Magnolia street, \$1,100.

2-r 3-r South Peachtree street, \$1,000.

20x150 Placemont, \$7,000.

7-r Richardson, \$1,000.

7-r Currier street, \$2,000.

Come to see us for farms.

ANSLEY BROS.

Real Estate and Loans.

\$10,000-100 Feet, corner lot on which is a 14-room house in 1-3 mile of carshed, near the city.

\$50 Front lot for one of the prettiest corners on West Peachtree; an elegant location.

\$10,000-Beautiful shaded lot on Peachtree, 50 feet front; east front, lies beautifully.

\$500 For 2-room house and lot near in, renting for \$8. Cheap.

\$1,000-2-room cottage, paying over 15 per cent now; good lot.

\$1,000-2-room cottage in one-half square of Capitol avenue, on nice lot, worth \$2,500.

\$1,000-7-room, Ellis street house, near Ivy.

7 Acres 3 miles from Decatur—\$1,000.

\$500-Lot 100x30 on Decatur.

Office 12 East Alabama street. Telephone No. 285.

G. W. ADAIR, FORREST ADAIR.

G. W. ADAIR,

Real Estate,

No. 14 Wall St., Kimball House.

FOR RENT.

Elegant 10-room house, Church st., \$50.00

8-r. h. 139 Crew, 25.00

8-r. h. 117 Capitol ave., 25.00

8-r. h. 28 W. Peachtree, 25.00

8-r. h. 197 Ivy, 25.00

8-r. h. 145 E. Peachtree, 25.00

8-r. h. 61 Connally, 18.00

8-r. h. 501 Whitehall, 33.00

7-r. h. 9 Clifford, 25.00

7-r. h. 24 Williams, 25.00

6-r. h. 21 Garrett, 25.00

6-r. h. 10 S. Forsyth, 25.00

6-r. h. 50 Auburn, 25.00

6-r. h. 31 Grand, 25.00

5-r. h. 129 W. Harris, 16.00

5-r. h. 412 Edgewood, 15.00

April Smiles and Tears

Are scarcely more fitful than the current weather.

A Mackintosh ought to be a part of every man's outfit. Those we sell were made and cured by the leading manufacturers of such goods.

A fresh flood of them at the counter today.

Beautiful colors and patterns. Garments possessing the dual qualities of

grace and utility.

Never mind what the prices were or should be.

Feel thankful if you're in time to get first choice.

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A FULL LINE OF STERLING SILVER BELTS, GARTERS, PIN TRAYS, BOOK MARKS, PAPER CUTTERS, PEN KNIVES, TIE CLASPS, GLOVE HOOKS, SHOE HOOKS, CURLING IRONS. HAIR PINS, HAT PINS, VALISE TAGS, STAMP CASES, SHOE HORNS, GLOVE DARNERS, EMERY'S MUSTACHE COMBS, RING TRAYS, TOILET ARTICLES.

MAIER & BERKELE,
JEWELERS, NO. 31 WHITEHALL STREET.

KENTUCKY TRAINING SCHOOL.
Incorporated. Mt. Sterling, Ky.
A Military School, with Collegiate Course.

DO YOU WANT YOUR BOY TRAINED?
Can this be done by Learning and Reciting Lessons from Books? NO TWO BOYS ARE ALIKE! Then why try to train them all by the same process? Westudy onboys and then train each according to his natural bent. ARE WE RIGHT? If you think we are send for catalogue telling how we train boys.
MAJOR FOWLER, Superintendent.

July 7-10—sat.

Eds-Neel Co.

A FULL LINE OF STERLING SILVER BELTS, GARTERS, PIN TRAYS, BOOK MARKS, PAPER CUTTERS, PEN KNIVES, TIE CLASPS, GLOVE HOOKS, SHOE HOOKS, CURLING IRONS. HAIR PINS, HAT PINS, VALISE TAGS, STAMP CASES, SHOE HORNS, GLOVE DARNERS, EMERY'S MUSTACHE COMBS, RING TRAYS, TOILET ARTICLES.

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MAJOR FOWLER, Superintendent.

July 7-10—sat.

Edgewood Theatre

WEEK OF JULY 23D.
Saturday Matinee 3 p. m. Children 25c.
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.
OLIVETTE.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
H. M. S. PINAFORE.
First Appearance This Season of Marie Dressler.
Season books and tickets on sale at H. C. Beermann's corner Decatur and Peachtree streets.
Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.
Consolidated cars before and after the opera to all parts of the city.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
R. T. Dorsey, P. H. Brewster, Albert Howell DORSEY, BREWSTER & HOWELL, LAWYERS, offices—1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Lowe Building, 50 Whitehall street. Telephone 600.
PRESTON & SMITH, Attorneys at Law, 510 Mulberry street, Macon, Ga. Any matter entrusted to our care, whether in or out of the city of Macon, will receive prompt and careful attention.
HUGH V. WASHINGTON, Attorney at Law, Macon, Ga. Special attention to railroad damages, corporation cases and collections for non-residents.
MARVIN L. CASE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 231 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.
C. B. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law, 234 Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
W. W. GOODRICH, ARCHITECT, ATLANTA, GA. Address P. O. Box 574.
DR. THOMPSON, 324 Whitehall Street, Specialist, Catarrh, Blood, Skin and Chronic Diseases, Eczema, Ulcers, Lupus, Cancer, etc. Medicines furnished. Consultation free.
DR. W. H. DALRYMPLE, Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England, late veterinarian to the Louisiana State Bureau of Agriculture, Residence, 76 Washington st.; office, 59 Hunter st., Atlanta, Ga.
DR. D. S. ARNOLD, Dentist, Crown and bridge work a specialty. Over Bratton's Drug Store, Peachtree street. Civil—ly.
HALL, BROTHERS, Civil and bridge work, 6 Gate City bank building, Atlanta, Ga. Surveys of all kinds. Special attention given to mines, quarries and hydraulics. July 28-ly.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.'S REAL ESTATE OFFERS.

BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN HOME, 4 acres, near corline, high level, shaded, 300x350 feet, new, 8-r., 2-story residence, nice garden and orchard, outbuildings; this side Westview, only \$4,500, on easy terms.

PEACHTREE HOMES in good variety; also Peachtree vacant lots.

6 NEW 3-R. COTTAGES, renting to white tenants, \$42 monthly, only \$4,000 if taken quickly.

\$700 FOR 4 2-R. HOUSES, renting at \$12.

4 ACRES at Peyton, Ga., 400 feet from electric line, fronting E. T. and G. and Ga. Pac., railroads 500 feet, fine spring, plain, 3-r. house, only 1 miles from Kimball house—\$1,000.

SAMUEL W. GOODE & CO., Corner Peachtree and Marietta streets.

Fidelity Mutual Life Association.

OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. (Incorporated 1878.)
Insurance in force.....\$50,000,000
Death losses paid.....3,000,000
Assets over.....2,000,000
Surplus over.....1,000,000
New business, more than \$2,000,000 a month.
Our Renewable Term Policies are especially adapted to these hard times. Compare these with the rates you are now paying for your insurance.

Age.	10-Year.	15-Year.	20-Year.
21.....	\$10.00	\$11.16	\$11.21
22.....	11.01	12.26	12.34
23.....	12.14	13.37	13.49
24.....	13.28	14.49	14.63
25.....	14.40	15.61	15.79
26.....	15.53	16.75	16.96
27.....	16.67	17.89	18.13
28.....	17.81	19.04	19.31
29.....	18.95	20.19	20.49
30.....	20.09	21.34	21.68
31.....	21.23	22.49	22.87
32.....	22.37	23.64	24.06
33.....	23.51	24.79	25.25
34.....	24.65	25.94	26.44
35.....	25.79	27.09	27.63
36.....	26.93	28.24	28.82
37.....	28.07	29.39	30.01
38.....	29.21	30.54	31.20
39.....	30.35	31.69	32.39
40.....	31.49	32.84	33.58
41.....	32.63	33.99	34.77
42.....	33.77	35.14	35.96
43.....	34.91	36.29	37.15
44.....	36.05	37.44	38.34
45.....	37.19	38.59	39.53
46.....	38.33	39.74	40.72
47.....	39.47	40.89	41.91
48.....	40.61	42.04	43.10
49.....	41.75	43.19	44.29
50.....	42.89	44.34	45.48
51.....	44.03	45.49	46.67
52.....	45.17	46.64	47.86
53.....	46.31	47.79	49.05
54.....	47.45	48.94	50.24
55.....	48.59	50.09	51.43
56.....	49.73	51.24	52.62
57.....	50.87	52.39	53.81
58.....	52.01	53.54	55.00
59.....	53.15	54.69	56.19
60.....	54.29	55.84	57.38

TAX NOTICE.

Municipal tax for the city of Manchester is now due. All parties owing property who have not paid same are required to do so by the 1st day of August, 1894, or such property will be advertised and sold on the first Tuesday in September, 1894, for said tax.

July 7-4t sat
B. L. LUCK, Marshal.

Old papers for sale at The Constitution office at 20 cents per hundred.

Alaska Refrigerators

Are the Best in the World!

This claim is fully substantiated wherever an "Alaska" is used.

"THE REASON WHY."

The principal causes of decay in meats and fruits are DAMPNESS and VAIRING TEMPERATURES.

The qualities sought for in a Refrigerator are PRESERVATION OF FRESHNESS OF FOOD and an economical use of ice.

The "Alaska" is constructed upon scientific principles, by which LOW TEMPERATURE and ABSOLUTE DRYNESS OF AIR are naturally and inevitably obtained.

The "Alaska" possesses a provision chamber FREE FROM ODOR AND FROM DAMPNESS. These results can be obtained only by a PERFECT CIRCULATION OF THE AIR in the Refrigerator, and its CONDENSATION IN THE ICE CHAMBER.

The "Alaska" keeps the air in contact with the ice longer than any other Refrigerator, condenses all the moisture before the air returns to the provision chamber, and, in utilizing all the cold air, PRODUCES BETTER RESULTS WITH LESS ICE than any other make.

The "Alaska" is a perfect DRY-AIR REFRIGERATOR, and the best one ever constructed.

Sold only by

DOBBS, WEY & CO.,
61 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

HIRSCH BROTHERS
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Phone 102.
Contractors of Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting.
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Wrought Iron Pipe FITTINGS AND BRASSGOODS

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SUPPLIES!

Of every description for Cotton and Woolen Mills, Oil Mills, Saw and Planing Mills, Railroads, Quarries, Machine Shops, etc. Send for list of new and second-hand Machinery.

THE BROWN & KING SUPPLY CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

CUT PRICES ON ALL

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

My store has just been remodeled, repainted and filled with the freshest and purest Patent Medicines. Everything in the way of Toilet Preparations and Druggists' Sundries may be had by calling on me. I sell Patent Medicines at cut prices—prices as low as those of any other first-class house in the south. My store is centrally located, nearly every street car in the city passing my door. Carrying a full line of goods, selling them at cut prices, guaranteeing everything sold to be absolutely pure and fresh, I ask the patronage of the people.

Goods and prescriptions promptly delivered, by my own bicycle Messengers and wagons.

Remember the Central-Drug Store of

CHARLES O. TYNER,
Corner Broad and Marietta Sts.....Atlanta, Ga.

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SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR

Book and Pamphlet Work, Illustrated Catalogues, Office Stationery, Periodicals, Etc.

Are You Going to be Married? Are You Going to Travel?

If so, how are you rigged out? A lady or gentleman is known by the trunk or valise they carry. Throw away that shabby old trunk and valise, and get a new one from the Atlanta Trunk Factory, 9